When a Girl Marries

A Story of EARLY WEDDED LIFE

# BIRTHRIGHT

A Fascinating Serial of Society, Millions and the Unlooked-for Adventures in Romance of a Rich Girl and a Poor One.

· By Kathleen Norris. Author of "Mother," "The Heart of Rachel," "Sisters" and Other Famous Stories.

ND in the big car, Patricia A reflected, their conversation was even more affectionate, spontaneous than usual, as he told her all about the "Little Bearcat." She had feared that this mad course would cost her Joel's respect, Joel's friendship. "I'll vager that men do some pretty funny things among themselves in business!" Patricia concluded inno-

cently to herself. In the house of her cousin, Harry Page, Patricia was almost as much at home as in her own rom. Harry was a widower of forty, handsome, rich, and charming, the social dictator of Deerbridge, and the central figure at the best dinners and dances. He lived, with a ten-yearold daughter, in an old-fashioned, narrow, brick house, where for years he had gathered such books, brasses, mahogany and oil portraits as reflected the glories of the Page, Chambers and Eyre families. His lineage was his one passion, and his clumsy, homely, nice little Emily, on condition that her pros-pective husband assumed the name of Page, was to inherit a very

museum of antiquities.
Emily rushed out tonight to welcome Cousin Pat, and they went into the long drawing room, where tea was served every afternoon. She liked the Spode and Old Blue, and the thin silver scratchily engraved with faint initials. And she liked her cousin, too, who met her ith the usual kiss, and read her poem by Francis Thompson while the tea was being brought.

"Henri, mon bon," she said, over
her second cup, her eyes on the

large wall space over the old man-"The Copley is too small for "Don't tell me that!" said Harry Page instantly alert, "you've got companion portrait. You know

small canvas that occupied the

I offered you-"I know you did, dear. You offered me \$1,000 for it. But that was last year, and since last year three meals a day have come to seem more important to me than the Copley portrait of my elderly relative!"

"You've not changed your mind, Pat!" the man exclaimed. "Will you sell it?"

"No, I'll not sell it." Patricia interrupted, laughing at his enthusiasm, "but I've got the two others, and I'm going to send you that one! You have as much right to it as I have, anyway.

"No," said Harry Page, in his element. "Yours is the senior line, Pat. Hannah Page was an Elyot, wife of Roger Dale Page. Roger's elder son was Adam Page, your great-great-grandfather. younger son was Josian, who was my great-grandfather. I'm the eighth generation and you are the ninth, but yours is the senior line, But Patricia laughed. "If you'll do me a favor you shall

ANOTHER BARCAIN.

"My dear girl," her cousin assured her seriously, "I can hardly conceive the favor that I would not do for you to get possession of that picture!"

"It's just this, Harry," the girl said, "you're always so sweet to me that I want you to help me out! I'm at the Palmers, you know, and I want you to dine there, with a lot of other people, lead the grand march with Miss

"I want you to meet her, Harry, and then, if you really like her, as I think you will, say a good word for her here and there-just say what you honestly feel, but bear in mind that what you do for her is a real favor to me!"
"But, my dear child," he said,
with wide open eyes, "why shouldn't I be nice to one of your friends? I don't know her, of course, but Hutchinson was speaking of her last night, seems rally

to like the girl. You aren't going to give me a valuable present" My dear Harry, if it's worth while to me?" Patricia laughed. "No, you shall have the Copley. Those things don't seem to mean so much to me as they did, and, after all, it's Emily's great-grand-

"Great - great - great -grandmother." he interrupted absently. "Where is it, Pat?"

Stored at Uncle Paul's." "By George, I'm deeply obliged to you about this, Pat! I can't tell you how much pleasure it "And you'll give Beatrice a hand

My dear girl, I would have done

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that for your asking, anyway!" + Mr. Page frowned thoughtfully.
"Have they asked you to lead the cotillon yet, Harry? "I'll have them both cleaned,"

decided Mr. Page. "No, they haven't yet, but I dare say they'll ask me. Yes, I'm glad to do that."
"You look glorious, Pat," said Sidney Hutchinson, ten minutes later when she came rosy and later when she came rosy and cheerful into the studio, to find him with Beatrice and the Partridges, father and son, loitering over the teacups. "You've had tea? I should hope so! It's almost six. What have you been doing?" "Blackmailing!" Patricia answer-

ed gayly, "It's lots of fun!" "Miss Throckmorton came in, and she asked me to luncheon, at her house, tomorrow!" Beatrice said with a new shyness of manner that Patricia thought rather charming. "They're to talk about the ker-

"I'm in that!" said Tommy Part-"Miss Palmer is in it, too." Pattricia said calmly, with an informing glance for the gratified Beatrice. "My dear child," she added "do you realize what time it is? The car must have been waiting an hour. Sidney, what do you mean by keeping your models so

VAGUE DISQUIET.

"Oh, we got talking!" Sidney answered carelessly. His eyes met the wide-open blue eyes Sensatone heiress. Something in their exchanged smile gave Patricia a second's vague disquiet. She was rather silent during the drive home; a silence unnoticed by Beatrice, who was chattering joyously of the portrait, the ker-mess and the luncheon tomorrow. At Beatrice's own door the girl turned suddenly, and Patricia was

surprised to feel the young hand on her shoulder, and to see that the blue, happy eyes were wet. "Patricia," she said in a halfwhisper. It was the first time she had used the name, the first time she had softened. "—I wisn I were more like you! Do you—do you suppose I ever will be? He thinks you are the most wonder-ful woman in the world! He teld me so. I den't want—I den't hope he will ever think that of me! But-but I believe he does like

Suddenly, half-laughing, and yet with glistening lashes, she tighther young, lean arms about Patricia's neck and buried her face Over the tawny head Patrica stared

blankly into space. On the December Sunday morning that followed the closing of kermess week all Deerbridge gathered at the Country Club for a late breakfast. It was a clear, cold morning, the blue sky was high, and untouched even by a whisp of

Sunlight poured over the bare golf links, and shone dazzingly in through the gay chintz curtains the breakfast room. Despite the sunshine, an enormous wood fire was blazing and cracking in the

tiled fireplace. Little tables had been scattered all about the big room, but the girls and men were continually deserting their chicken Maryland and waffles to wander free, and to stop here and there for joyous re-miniscences and bursts of laughter. Some of the older girls looked pale, after last night's rouge and reveling, but among the debutantes with the ecstatic beauty of love and happiness and nineteen years. Beatrice Palmer had gotten to bed at five o'clock that morning, and had risen refreshed and energetic at nine, to wander into Patricia's room, with her Oriental robe trailing behind her and her tawny hair in a loosened coil on her shoulders, to sit yawning and dreaming and smiling while they reviewed the whole wonderful experience again and again.

There was confetti strewn on Beatrice's rugs and the three separate costumes she had worn at the kermess were only a mass of stained and twisted and dirty satin, embroidery and tinsel. But that was all part of the fun. Life was all joy to Beatrice now. The prise and the success of the whole affair. She had been given a solo dance, and, in a full skirt of Armenian pink, with embroidered apron and kerchief she had danced

SIDNEY CHANGED. Even to Patricia she had seemed

to be newly charming, simple, unspoiled, and amusing. Happiness had worked its old miracle in the

On the opening night of the kermess there had been a dinner party for twenty persons at the Castle, and it had been an amazing and successful dinner. And after it they had bundled into cars and rushed to the theater, where Beatrice led the march with Harry

For four excited, wonderful nights the programme had been repeated, the laugnter, the footlights, the music and costumes, the make-up men with their black cases, the compliments and applause and flowers.

But more than all these, as Reatrice knew, and as Patricia knew better than Beatrice, was Sidney. Even the younger girl was not more conscious of the words, the looks, little acts that were exchanged between them, than was Patricia.

#### Hot Tea-Scones

left-over potatoes, why not use them for hot tea-scones? They only take a few minutes to make.

To half a pound of cold potatoes ad two ounces of flour and a teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder. Knead them all togteher, then add just enough milk-sour milk if you like-to make a stiff Roll out and cut into either squares or rounds with pastry cutter or tumbler, and bake

To Patricia he was changed. Not colder; on the contrary, there was a new tenderness and gentleness in his manner. Not less inter-ested, for she had only to make the slightest claim, and his attention was all hers. But there was a strange moddiness, a certain reckless galety followed by a bitterness that was all unlike the old Sidney.

knew he hated himself for the charm he found in Beatrice, and for the curious power the girl seemed to hold over him. Her very crudities seemed to have a gauche appeal. He never spoke of her to Patricia, yet when Beatrice was in the company, he seemed unable

Only once, after one of the early sittings, they had spoken of her.
"Undeveloped little plebeian
hand!" Patricia had commented, on the portrait.

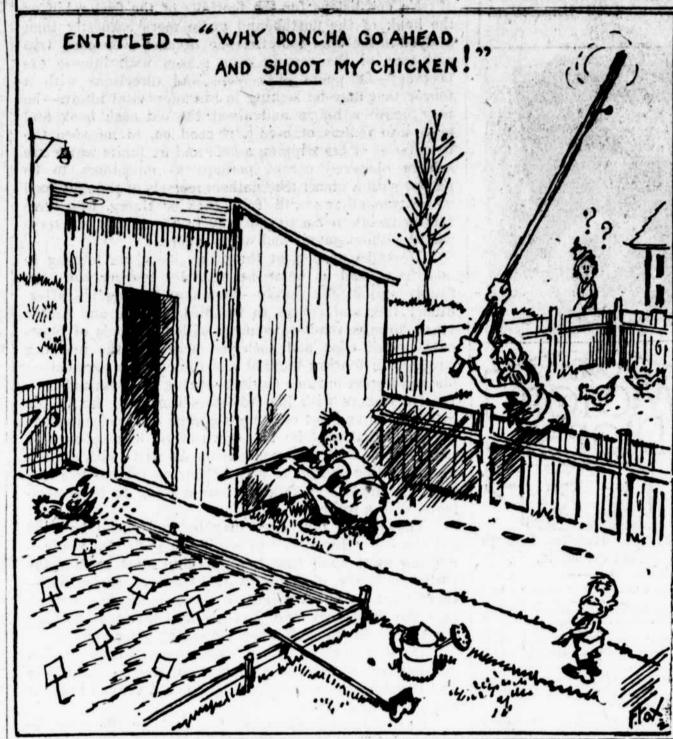
"Plebeian but not undeveloped!" he had arswered quickly. "There is astonishing character there, Pat -don't fool yourself!"

"And of course that undeveloped hand could write a check that would make both of us lose consciousness!" Patricia had remarked. She had been surprised to see his lean face color, and to have him answer with a certain an-"Exactly!"

He was not often in actual conversation with the girl today, but he was never for one instant unaware of her. Beatrice was with a younger group. Her usually pale cheeks were blazing, and mere youth had lent her a beauty she aid not really possess. She looked her best in a daring

tan habit, with tailored breeches huttoned into soft military puttees. Her soft hair was brushed up unriding hat; her girlish throat rose from the loose folds of an intmaculate white silk shirt.

(To Be Continued Monday).



TABLEAU!-

# The Hundred Dollar Question

Edith Livingston, a demobilized war worker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Ellsworth, a young smarried couple, finds employment as secretary to Eustibo Alvarez, a Mexican oil stock promoter, in a dingy little office on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention, gives her a \$500 gold note, after she has discovered him and a Japanese studying a map, and takes her to lunch.

She discovers her sweetheart, Willard

and takes her to lunch.

She discovers her sweetheart. Willard Saunders, dining with a Spanish girl. she is jealous of the Spanish girl and her sweetheart is jealous of her employer. Edith becomes suspicious as to what is going on in the office. She is satisfied that no oil stock is being sold, but she cannot guess what her mysterious employer's real business is.

Her employer, after paying her many compliments and swearing her to the utmost secrecy as to what transpires in the office, expresses a desire to be introduced to her sweetheart, which amazes her.

Willard swears to Edith that he is not in love with the Spanish girl and that there is no cause for jealousy. He tells Edith her employer will hear watching

Willard swears to Edith that he is not in love with the Spanish girl and that there is no cause for Jealousy. He tells Edith her employer will bear watching and asks her to spy on Alvarez. She reluctantly consents. While rummaging through her employer's desk she finds a picture of the same Spanish girl with whom she saw her sweetheart dining. Later she is further surprised by a request from her sweetheart that she introduce him to her employer. By means of a piece of carbon paper which she secreted in the typewriter roller, Edith gets a copy of a cryptic telegram her employer sent to some one in Mexico. When she telephones her sweetheart about her employer's mysterious conduct, Willard knows more about it than she can tell him.

Alvarez takes Edith to a Maryland roadhouse and valuly tries to inveigle her into taking a drink with him. Willard finally tells her that Alvarez is an international crook. A short time later "Texas Tiger," a wild and woolly gentlemen from the Southwest, breezes in with a gun in search of Alvarez. He tells Edith that Alvarez swindled him qui of \$20,000 on a fake oil stock deal Edith introduces "Texas Tiger," to Willard and the visitor joins their excursion to Mt. Vernon, the home and tomb of George Washington.

But Grace took them all quite

But Grace took them all quite seriously and endeavored to give minutely detailed answers to all of everything's just as it was

during Washington's lifetime," she said, supplementing the words of the guide. "Even the cook stove-"Better watch out, Grace," Bob laughed. "I'll be getting you a job as a guide through the grounds of at least on one of those sight-seeing busses in Washington. Can't afford to let too much knowledge go to

"I hope I didn't bore you," Grace turned to the cowboy and spoke

Maryland

Cooking

SPICE CAKE,

1 tablespoonful butter

saltspoonful nutmeg

saltspoonful cinnamon

scant teaspoonful soda

2 cups flour.
-Miss Alice D. Duvall.

flavored with lemon or vanilla.

Flour to roll out thin. Bake in a

LEMON PIE.

2 lemons (juice and grated rind)

Beat the whites and yolks sepa-

rately. Mix these ingredients to-gether and bake in raw crust.

There is no top crust, this is like a custard pie.—Miss Nellie Moran.

(Copyright, 1926, by Mrs. Percy Duvail.)

SUGAR COOKIES.

saltspoonful cloves

1 cup chopped raising

1 cup butter or lard

1 teaspoonful.

hot oven .- Mrs. Albert O. Beall.

cups of sugar

1 teasoonful soda

cup melted butter.

pt. sweet milk.

cups sugar.

eggs.

cup sour milk

cup currants

cup sugar.



WE HAD LUNCHEON BENEATH THE BIG TREES.

half apologetically, taking Bob's "I thought you

words seriously. were interested—" "And that I am, mum." the cowboy answered, smiling at Grace. "It's my first trip to Mt. Vernon, and it may be my last, and I'd like to know everything." Willard joined us then as we were completing an inspection of

"Where've you been, Willard?" asked, unable to restrain my curi-

"Oh, just lookin' around," he answered. But I could tell by the excited look on his face and the way he dropped his "g's" that he was not telling the truth, or at least only part of it. We had luncheon beneath the big trees-Willard having had a basket

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Story Written By

Winnie Davis Freeman Copyright by The Washington Times

prepared at a delicatessen shop. the ground eating fried chicken and drinking coffee poured hot from : thermos bottle and everything. Of course, we all had to wait on our selves. But I didn't mind it. gotten used to waiting on myself in the Washington cafeterias.

LONESOME IN TOMB.

After luncheon Willard suggested that we all go through the tomb. stretching himself out beneath a tree and laying a piece of news-paper over his face to keep off the sun. "Think I'll take a snooze. Grace said she'd seen the tomb se many times she'd stay there with Bob and finish an article she was reading in Good Housekeeping.

I decided in favor of the tomb.

"Texas Tiger" seemed very much surprised to learn that the body of George Washington was really resting in the tomb. He'd had an idea. he said, that it was just a memorial or something like that.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

#### Is Marriage a Success? "Just Mary" seems to think that. I am a girl seventeen and about

a month ago met a fellow five years my senior. Now he calls on me nearly every night, but never asks me to go out with him. When he is going home he thinks I should let him hug and kiss me,

Now as I like him very much I have submitted several times, for be says he likes me very much and expects to wait for me to become twenty and marry him. Will some kind reader advise me

I have done wrong in letting him do that, as I feel terribly wretched about it, and I am beginning to despise him every time he calls on me "SEVENTEEN." HE FORGAVE.

I am a man of the world and married. My wife had an experience before her marriage like that of "Just Marry."

She told me, though, just before we were engaged the complete circumstances which led to this unconquerable impulse of the moment. and I know from this experience she could not be tempted off the straight and narrow path in the I feel that I had much less ex-

cuse than she for my promisculty, and let me say that up to now we have been a happy couple, reposing complete confidence in each other. I would, therefore, advise "Just Mary" to tell her loved one just what happened. ANONYMOUS.

a wedding ring and a man's name means eternal happiness. Far from it, little girl. If it only did this department would never have ex-

Some of you guys expect your wife or sweetheart to be on a pedestal and then come along with the hammers of ill-treatment and criticism and bang, bang away with all your might and expect nothing to happen. Bah! Such logic! "Just Mary," you must be en-

ga,ed to a judge who also thinks he is a whole jury, and you up for trial. Marry him-he might prove to be human but you are taking a chance on his being so. If I were you. I would also give my opinion on how I think men should control themselves. Suggest that men should control their prejudices at all times no mater what the circumstances.

Give your "conscience" a rest; 'it has been working overtime. One's conscience can (as in your case) rule one to his detriment. Didn't Jesus say: "Let the past dead bury its dead?" Your future hubby must be more moral than the Lord; if so, ditch him-he's either an angel or a devil, You want neither.

A man aged forty-one may count on living until sixty-seven, according to statistica.

#### Prize Cake Recipes CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE.

% cup of butter.

cups of sugar. 4 eggs. 1 cup of sweet milk

3 teaspoonfuls of Davis baking powder. Pinch of salt. Vanilla.

First beat sugar and butter to-

ether; then add eggs, milk, flour,

baking powder, salt, and vanilla. ICING. Dissolve 1/2 cake of Baker's

hocolate. 2 cups of sugar. % cup of cream Add piece of butter size of wal-

nut. Boil exactly five minutes, then beat until it begins to thicken; spread queckly.—Mrs. I. J. Hines, 1012 Tenth street northeast. 5 eggs, white and yolk beat sepa

1 teaspoon lemon extract, FILLING. 1 cup milk. cup sugar. Yolk o fone egg. 1-3 teaspoon lemon. 16 box cocoanut .-- Mrs. Virginia

Clarke, 2222 H street northwest,

2 teaspoons baking powder.

3 cups flour.

2 cups sugar.

A in the hall of my uninhabited-

age to give Father Andrew some inkling of the state of my affairs. "Well, well, got the place shut up tight as a drum. Been staying out at Jeanie's or over with Neal while Jim's away?" asked Father

looking apartment I wished

I'd been able to screw up my cour-

Andrew in the most matter-of-fact tone in the world. "I've been staying at Jeanie's." I replied. Won't be able to drive out there

tonight on account of having to meet your father for dinner, will you? But one night here won't trouble you, will it?" "All alone?" I gasped.

"What do you mean by 'all alone?" he demanded. "Where's that Hedwig of yours and the "Oh, Father, Father!" I cried

flinging my arms about him and creeping into the strong clasp which always seems to ward off trouble or danger. "I want you to be my father. I don't want anyone to take your place."
"Hush, Babbsie, Hush child,"

he said, crooning it as tenderly as if I were his unnappy little girl again. "No one's going to take my place with you or yours with me, ever. Did Neal's coming make me love my little girl less? Did you forget your old Father when you married your Jim? Does it change the love between us that it's in his arms you'll find the courage to clear this? When Jim gets

WON'T FAIL. "When Jim gets back!" I cried beyond heeding what I was betraying as this unexpected last straw was added to the anguish of the day. "But I don't know when he'll get back or where he is. I don't know how things are with my

I hauled myself up short, mad with longing to unsay the words. "So you shut up your place here and sent the servants away. My poor, brave little girl. You do all

# New Cure for **Diabetes**

By Brice Belden, M. D.

HE modern method of treating diabetes was devised by Dr. Allen, of the Rockefeller Institute. His treatment begins with starvation from one to ten days, according to the case. These patients receive no food during this period, but are allowed to have water.

When the period of starvation is over food is given in increased amounts each day, and the kind of food given is experimented with kind will augment the sugar loss and which will do no harm.

When the right kind of lood is found for the individual patient stick to that particular diet indefinitely. Dr. Allen has kept many diabetics alive, declared hopeles scases before they came to him, by watching their diet in just this way.

When these patients have left the doctor's care they must, if they wish to continue living, keep to the prescribed diet, and in many cases this is rather a difficult thing to do. The diets prescribed for these

patients previous to the investigations of Dr. Allen were very ex-pensive, as they included large amounts of butter and cream, but the newer method is not much over the usual cost of food.

The outlook depends upon the severity of the disease and the faithfulness with which appropriate treatment is carried out.

# Mind Tests For Tired

THO are the members of the present Cabinet? The person submitting the first correct list gets the solid bone collarbutton.

Give the correct name of the Congressman from your district. If 1,000,000 gallons of liquor are confiscated every week, how long will the present supply last? What is the correct manner in which to address your landlord when you meet him on the street? When Columbus discovered America did he give any excuse for so

How many explorers are now on their way to the North Pole, and what are they going to do when they get there? How long do you have to wait for an elevator when the operator has a sweetheart who is a stenographer on the fifteenth floor?

The world's annual wheat producion is almost evenly divided between the Northern and Southern

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God's Country By James Oliver CURWOOD

Author of The Valley of Solone Mon," atc. THE strangest thing this I famous author has written and one of the most wonderful messages of hope ever addressed to mankind. It may mean a

lot to you, this story of a nature-loving mane Buy this book this week \$1.25

By ANN LISLE. S I switched on the lights that and try to keep me from knowing. That's why you didn't want to bring me here, isn't it? So's to keep me from—seeing how things are with by Babbsie." "That's why," I confessed. "You

have enough to bear. You've our Neal to think about. This may change things for him with Phoebe -with Virginia, I mean. dreadful old man"-"He's your father, dear," interrupted Father Andrew gently. "He may be poor and old and not like you wish he was. But I'm not so

much myself and you were never ashamed of me. Your friends didn't hold off from me." "From you!" I laughed half hysterically. "As if everyone in the world wouldn't be proud to meet you. You darling! As is having you for a Father Andrew wasn't

about the best recommendation I have to offer." "That's very sweet, dear," said Father Andrew, pulling me down on the couch by his side. "It makes an old man very happy to hear you speak so. But it would

to have his girl do anything unworthy." "I won't do anything to make you unhappy," I murmured against his coat. "Then you'll be kind to poor

old Dad Lee. He's a sick old man, dear, and he has no one to turn to but you.
"You're sure he's my father?" I pleaded.

"Certain sure, Babbsie. Otherwise I'd never have brought him back to cast the least shadow over things for you—and Neal. He has every proof. Letters, dates, names. places. All the evidence to prove his claims. He's your own flesh and blood, girl. Are you going to fail him?"

WHERE IS JIM!

"No, I'm not going to fail him-or you." I said reverently.
"I know my girl,' declared Father Andrew. "Now about our Jim? Where is he?"
"I don't know," I replied care-

fully, lest I hurt Father Andrew.

"You don't know? Babbsie, this may be your secret, but it's mine now, too. Ours. You've got to tell me more now that I know this "I'll tell you all I dare. Jim had to go away because he found out the stock he'd been promoting was worthless. And he'd believed in it and sold huge blocks of it to all his

friends. If there's anything to be

saved, if those dry oilwells can be

salvaged, Jim wants to do it for

the friends who trusted him. And

he's had to follow some clue—to go on and on—I don't know where. I don't know where he is! I don't know"-"You don't know where he is, nor what's happening to him? You poor child!" cried Father Andrew in his deep, tender voice. "I'm

I'll tell you what I'll do, Babbsie. I'll go after him"-His voice trailed off abruptly. And when I stirred and turned to look at him, his dear face had

going to take care of my little girl.

turned white. (To Be Continued Tuesday.) Copyright, 1921, King Features Syn-

### Advice to Lovelorn.

By Beatrice Fairfax. THE CHANCE FOR HAPPINESS.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: About a year ago, through business, I met a man fifteen years my senior who is separated from his wife and working for a divorce. I know quite a few people who know him and speak very highly of him. For my opinion, he is my ideal man. Now, Miss Fairfax, he has shown in his position should Shall I wait for him or try to forget him?

"UNDECIDED." My dear, this may be your one great chance of happiness. But unless you are brave enough to stake everything, you mustn't consider it. The mere fact that you are willing to do as a stranger says inclines me to feel that the situation is too much for you.

30 YEARS' DIFFERENCE.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty years, youthful and frivolous; a man thirty years my senior has been paying attention to me and seems to care a good bit for me: I reciprocate his feelings. Kindly advise if the difference in our ages should interfere.

ANNABELLE. You are young enough to be this man's daughter. You confess yourself youthful and frivolous. Are you in any way certain that you are not in love with love instead of in love with the man? Can you adjust your viewpoints and lives so that you will be in harmony? I

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rious country girl of New York, its romance and adventure of the knights and knaves of Manhattan. A breathless novel, an enchanting one, is Find the Woman.

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